The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

READING GOOD BOOKS

Good books—they are one of the few real treasures found in life. For good real cultural enjoyment, they have no peer. Therefore, how foolish are we who waste our time in reading other than good books. What benefit we get from this form of reading, if ever we get any, is of the microscopic variety. Life is altogether too short to leave its precious moments flit by in worthless pursuits. We all realize this, and agree with it. But how very few of us endeavor to utilize our time beneficially. As regards the reading of worthwhile literature, if we were to read for eight hours daily every year of our lives, the treasure of good books would be still very far from exhausted at the end. Thus, how extremely silly is it to peruse worthless volumes. Dr. Thomas O'Hagan gives, in a very artistic manner, something for us to ponder over regarding this with the following words:

"How delightful, indeed, it is to meet with a lover of good books and the wisdom packed between their covers. Such a one grows intellectually, ripens in the things of the mind and becomes truly cultured. As Carlyle said, a library is a true university, but how few get the best out of that university! If they did we would forget to inquire what had been their courses in the schools. We have all poetry, we have all art, we have all history, which is a record of the activities of men; we have the wisdom of the world's greatest thinkers, and yet we profit little by these princes of genius—in our blindness eating the husks strewn by the wayside, forgetful ever of the rich banquet so carefully prepared for us."

PREJUDICES AND HUMAN NATURE

Edith Cavell, the English nurse executed by the Germans during the Great War, has come to life again in a moving picture termed "Dawn," produced by an English film company. This picture, in the unravelling of the plot, depicts the capture and execution of Nurse Cavell. And it has created quite a turmoil also. For a while Bernard Shaw was its only defender, the authorities even refusing to review the film. Eventually they did, however, and now, after all the trouble, it has been given a rather clean bill of health.

The fault first found with the picture was that it was obviously anti-German propaganda. Now, however, this idea has been discarded, and "Dawn" is pronounced as being almost pro-German in its tendencies, portraying the German soldiers and officials in the film in a very favorable light, so favorable in fact that German people that see it will be unable to avoid going into ecstasies over it.

This is rather far-fetched, however. We are inclined to believe what was first believed of "Dawn," that it is anti-German propaganda. The execution of Edith Cavell has always been regarded by the British people as a whole as one of the outstanding atrocities of the World Conflict. Also, England has not forgotten its slain thousands, and who was the chief cause of this slaughter of the flower of her youth. So, we cannot fancy, in the wildest flight of our imagination, an English film company portraying this in a pro-German and absolutely neutral manner. It sounds like so much poppycock. If we ever have the opportunity of seeing "Dawn," maybe our eyes will be opened and our opinion changed. It does not seem probable, however.

STUDENTS AND EDUCATION

Now and then rumors reach us of what is going on in other institutions. And they certainly are strange rumors. The more we hear of them, the more strange they seem. One renowned educator repeats seriously what we have always supposed a joke, the story of the student who would not speak to a professor because it was not being done in that college. Another tells how unusual it is to see a student with a book under his arm. And now Mr. Faunce of Brown University tells this incident that happened to him. "Recently, speaking at a certain college, I ventured to quote a sonnet of Shakespeare that has been precious to me for many years. At the close of the address as the assembly was dispersing, a shame-faced student showed me a copy of Shakespeare's sonnets which he carried in his inside pocket. He was reading it slyly in moments of leisure, but afraid to show it to his fellow students, who preferred the vulgar periodicals of the day. In that particular college the best was obliged to hide its head."

It does not seem to us that conditions can be as bad all over the country as they are in this particular college. Mr. Faunce does not say that they are, but other people are saying it. Fortunately they are very far from existing at Saint Mary's, and it is only a matter of time before these lesser colleges will again be altered, and for the better, as education, like everything else, travels in cycles.

—F. P. B.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF VOCATIONS

"There is no lack of vocations to the service of God among the young Catholics of America." This from the "Field Afar"—the magazine of the Maryknoll Fathers.

The small article that this comes from also goes on to say that, nevertheless it is difficult, very difficult, to land the "willing fish" in the sea. There are opposing forces that wreak their toll. Also, many aspirants to the priesthood or to the religious life place too modest an estimate on their services, and require encouragement before offering themselves to the service of God.

Encouragement can only come from a fellow human—either by his spoken or written word. Who knows but what the chance of giving this encouragement may come your way? If so, you should seize upon the opportunity, for as so many of us have not the calling to this higher state of life, the least we can do is to encourage others to take this first long step.

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

At last—a defender found! There has been so much adverse and vindictive criticism of late of the younger generation, that it is distinctly and decidedly refreshing to find a man like Chase S. Osborne, former Governor of Michigan, one of our elders who is not soured by the years on his shoulders, and who possesses sufficient courage to come right out with a favorable opinion concerning them.

In an article in the "Literary Digest" for April 14th, he is quoted as saying that young America is not so bad. Indeed, he adds, the older crowd criticised the young people of his time, but they turned out all right. "Now the young people are bound for hell in a hand-basket, but they are better than the young folks who turned out all right half a century ago." To prove this he tells us:

"I have seven children and twelve grandchildren, and they are my intimate friends. All of them are so much better than I was, that I am ashamed of memory. They have young friends, and they are as fine as mine own. They come to live with and camp with me and live every phase of life with me, and I know them, and the God in them. Look at a face and see a man of character. No person, old or young, can practice unmentionable things long, and get away with it. The face becomes sensuous or diseased and coarse. In no previous age were young people so clean-looking and beautiful and wholesome as right now."

It surely feels good to hear something like this. Perhaps Mr. Osborn does put the thing a little strong, and is wrong in asserting that the young people of the present day are better than those of his time, but nevertheless, they are every bit as good. Now that he has started the ball rolling, maybe some more lion-hearted individuals like himself, will follow in his footsteps, and aid in endeavoring to squelch those Puritan-minded humans who are seemingly so superannuated with the burden of years that they carry that they have forgotten that they were ever young themselves. Some people just won't be squelched, however, and these look like an extremely hopeless case.

The world is familiar with the "Vulgate," St. Jerome's translation of the Holy Scriptures into Latin. The efforts of the English writers to turn it into their vernacular, without any imprimatur, have led to many quaint errors, some typographical, others through fads of the translator. For instance, there is the well-known Breeches Bible, in which the word breeches was substituted for "aprons" in "Genesis iii. 7. " . . . and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves breeches." Then there was the Bugges Bible, printed in the year 1551. In that copy in Psalm xc. 5, there appears the injunction, "Thou shalt not be afraid of any bugges by night," the word "bugges" having been inserted in place of the word "terror." "Blessed are the peacemakers" was made to read "Blessed are the placemakers' in an edition published in 1562. The Wicked Bible was issued in 1631. It was so named because the word "not" was omitted from the Sixth Commandment. Another wicked Bible appeared in 1631, in which the "not" was left out of I. Corinthians, vi. 9. Thus St. Paul was made to say that "The unrighteous shall inherit the Kingdom of God." There is also what is known as the Murderers' Bible, printed in 1801, because in St. Jude 16 "murderers" was inserted in place of "murmurers." —Truth.

MY FRIEND, MR. B.

A. DE MARTINI

The heat of the sultry July night had chased us outdoors. After walking aimlessly a short while B— and I found ourselves in Washington Square Park of San Francisco's Latin Quarter. The park was well attended, the heat had also driven many of the Italian laborers and their families from their wonted nightly occupations in search of the warm wind which offered small but desirable relief in the midst of the arid heat. A wild, incoherent jabbering was heard on all sides—a jabbering some what divested of its usual vigor because of the warmth which had evidently sapped the vitality of the speakers. B— and I selected one of the unoccupied seats which most of the people ignored in favor of the softness of the cool lawn.

B— dropped off into a reverie; I, supposing that he too had succumbed to the weather, was content to remain silent. In spite of the harangue about me I was soon occupied with thoughts of my own. Rodman, my new legal partner, was a disagreeable cuss, always finding fault at the office. What was the matter with the man? He seemed to take a sadistic delight in insulting everybody. Instead of engaging myself with the demands of my practice, I was usually perspiring in an effort to placate some disgruntled client whom Rodman had acted undiplomatically with. The fool—

"Yes," I heard B— saying, "we Americans have a queer literature."

"What do you mean, queer literature?" I queried. The man was always bursting out with something miles remote from my thoughts. As if I had been talking with him all the while. And here we had been silent for about an hour.

"It is my belief that literature should give us what we do not get from our everyday experience. Our current civilization is a scientific material one. What we need is romance. The world is indeed, too much with us, and literature should supply us, vicariously, with what we do not get from this materialistic era. If art cannot fill the wide gap, of what use is Art? How many times have you undiplomatically talked 'shop' to a man who was surfeited with 'shop'? The leisure hours after office should provide the busy man with some form of relaxation, the dirt and filth which we encounter daily is certainly enough, and if our spirit cries out for beauty where are we going to get it? The modern novelist does not give it to us, he is busy reporting scenes, busy reconnoitering the same scenes that we have just gone over. We see enough squalidness and naturally do not want it in our literature. Science has made too many unwelcome encroachments on our daily life; it has insisted upon the hard-and-fast facts. This is what confronts us at every turn. There is an inexorable hardness, a drab mechanism in current America; none of us can escape. With an age such as this, are we not justified in demanding that our literature be romantic, that it be not too insistent upon fact, but that it present beauty and romance in the most alluring of colors? Is this mawkish; sentimental? If the age makes us automatons; creatures of machines, let the literature supply the deficiencies of the age. Let the literature give us humanity in its many interesting forms. Pope was right, the proper study of mankind is man. Give us real human beings, with warm, red blood pulsating through their veins. If literature performs this office, it is performing its true service."

B— had not succumbed to the heat. I was wrong, as usual, in my calculations about him. The man must have unbounded vitality. Here when I had given up hope of even holding a mild conversation, he burst forth much like a geyser, suddenly and ebulliently. I had never seen the little fellow so brim full of energy, what immense stores must have been crowded into that little wiry, but compact frame. There was that tan tinge of B—'s skin, a color that follows exposure. For some unaccountable reason I had always imagined that B— had seen many climes and many peoples. Although he was informed of the latest accomplishments of the scientific world, B— always showed a knowledge of men. Human nature was for him the most interesting of all studies and much of his interest in literature might well have been attributed to the fact that he found personalities there. He told me time and again that he felt that the study of a literary genius' masterpieces provided more of an insight to his character than his biography. He was wont to say that a biography was another man's opinion, while the artist's own creation was a self-revelation for him who was patient to read and understand.

(B— will conclude this discussion in the next issue.)

RAMBLINGS

M AIKIN

ALONE

A Tale of Terror

With apologies to E. A. P.

"The anticipation of horror must surpass reality; no matter how terrific be the circumstances in the denouement, still they will not be able to satisfy the mind of the reader. He will surely be disappointed. The skillful imitation of horror held out by the artist, produces an effect which will deprive his conclusion of all. These intimations—these dark hints of some uncertain evil—are often rhetorically praised as effective, but are only justly so praised when there is no denouement whatever—when the reader's imagination is left to clear up the mystery for itself."—Poe, in his critique of "Barnaby Rudge."

For some moments I had been sitting—thinking or dreaming, I know not—when of a sudden my heart paused, and my whole being became transfixed in a paroxysm of fear. Now, I am not a man who is easily affected by vague imaginings, but on this occasion time and place tended irresistibly to produce in me a tensely awful effect. The hour was well advanced—past midnight—and I had returned after a protracted visit with some friends, to an empty house. Perhaps you will better understand this tale, when I say that the house was an old one—a gaunt, crumbling structure in the purlieu of Monterey, which dated from remote Spanish times. The walls were high and whitewashed; the windows barred, and the floors uniformly paved with flat tiles which gave back a hollow, sepulchral sound to the footfall.

The room in which I had been sitting was large beyond all proportion, and was fitted with the most meagre conveniences—a spool bed, and an antiquated wash-stand being the only furniture in the room. A bit of candle fixed to a bottle, cast a lurid glow upon the immediate surroundings, and vaguely illumined the remoter corners. The night was still, with a silence that throbs, and is painful to the ears. It may have been this unearthly calm—perhaps it was the desolateness of the place which produced in me the state which I have described—a state of dire agitation. But, I reiterate, I do not succumb more than do other men to such influences.

To continue, then, while thus seated, I distinctly observed the great oaken door move—furtively—without incurring the faintest sound. The spectacle chilled me to the marrow, and held my eyes riveted to the spot. Words—mere words cannot adequately convey a sense of the dread which took hold on me. I dared not move. Then followed interminable seconds, while I remained thus fixated without observing any further change. My ears, keenly attuned to the ghastly quiet, strained in vain to catch the slightest token of an echo—a murmur, a rustle—anything to ease the increasing uncertainty of my apprehensions.

At length, by dint of a concentrated effort of will, I struggled to convince myself that the old door had swayed; it could not be otherwise! The silence hummed. Still fearful, and without removing my gaze, I proceeded to make ready for bed, when to my unspeakable dismay, the door again moved—ever so imperceptibly. But it moved! I had seen it! Fain would I have rushed forward, unarmed as I was, and have discovered—for better or for worse—the cause of my perturbation. But a nameless terror withheld me. I felt myself oppressed by a dread of the surrounding gloom. With indescribable horror, I contemplated the noise which my step would upraise on the tiles. In my distorted fancy, I discerned shapeless phantoms in the darker recesses of the room. I tried to think, but my mind could focus nothing—only the door—the frightful door! I remained breathless—paralyzed.

Soon there came another tremor—ever so slight—this time followed by a low creaking, and the heavy door swung, and stood ajar. Through the opening I could discern naught but the intense blackness—the now terrifying blackness of the night in the room beyond. Quickly, then, and apparently without cause, the door went shut, creating a draft which extinguished my candle, and left me in the impenetrable darkness. The huge iron bolt jangled hideously, and there was a dull thud as the door struck the lintel.

Almost mad with fright, I shouted some reckless invective, and then, terrified by the revibrating echo of my own voice, which crashed upon the silence like the shattering of a pane of glass, I gasped an importunate ejaculation, and dashed insanely to the door, which I flung wide, fleeing through the darkness, and out into the clear, peaceful moonlight of the night.

The house showed pale and spectral in its ghastly whiteness. I left hurriedly, with fearful images battling their hold upon my brain. I could not think the place haunted, nor yet could I conjecture what thieves or intruders might expect in such a habitation. That night I found shelter in a nearby copse, despite the gusty winds which made the branches sigh—swaying them weirdly, as though touched by phantom hands.

WHAT-NOTS

F. BOLAND

YOUNG PEOPLE AND BOOKS

What are the young people reading? Well, as near as possible, what they have always been reading. Miss Farrell, who is in charge of the Fiction in the San Francisco Public Library, writes to the same effect, "The young girls of today are reading stories of much the same type that their mothers and aunts read when they, too, were young and romantic. Kathleen Norris, Berta Ruck and Ethel M. Dell are the favorites, with an occasional Western or mystery story." . . . "The average boy or young man demands Western stories, and mystery and detective tales, and little else, but he will read any amount of out-of-doors stories that are obtainable. Zane Grey, Raine, Seltzer and Mulford are the favorites."

Kathleen Norris and Zane Grey are certainly far from being writers of literature, and they would not serve as a steady diet by any means, but they and the others in the list all tell clean stories. There is nothing sordid and degrading about them. And it may be that as the oldsters grow into the wisdom of the young people, that the present circulation of unwholesome books will fall off and give our educators some excuse for lessening the illiteracy of the population.

THE FACULTY AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

In her "History of England" Jane Austen considers one of the kings and says that she would be insulting her readers if she did not suppose them to know as much about the king as she did; I would like to imagine that I would be insulting my readers (if I have any) by not supposing them acquainted with the literary activities of the faculty of this college, but I do not think that I will.

Brother Cornelius had been very friendly with Luther Burbank and has embodied his knowledge of the man in an article that appears this month in the "Catholic World." Brother Leo is known as a regular contributor to "Columbia," but it is not so generally known that he has been writing a series of articles for "Extension," and that he conducts a department in the "De La Salle Journal," a very interesting little magazine that the Brothers publish quarterly. A very instructive article on Stevenson in California was contributed to this last journal by Brother Henry. Professor Hagerty writes frequently for the "Catholic School Journal," and other magazines, generally on problems of education.

An article that was begun with a reference to Jane Austen should not close with a rather prosaic moral, the two do not go well together, but I will do it just this once, as the man said when he stepped over the cliff. In order to keep up with the progress of the times, to appreciate the worth of our teachers and to see how their views are accepted by other men, read Catholic magazines.

MODERN CRITICISM

Most modern literary criticism lacks the biting sting that was so common a few decades back. If a critic did not like a certain book, then he expressed his dislike in very plain terms. Captain Marryat gave the common conception of a literary critic when he spoke of them as the class of writers who have failed to make good as novelists or poets and so have taken up this form of writing to earn a living. They therefore view with alarm and jealousy the success of others. This sounds very much as if the worthy mariner had been engaging in a tilt with the critics himself.

Criticism really has come into greater repute today than it has held previously, and probably because it has grown away from these acrid attacks on books and things. Despite the large number of articles that are the result of publishers' influence, there seems to be a decided tendency ot follow the principle that Dryden gave a long time ago." How easy it is to call rogue and villian, and that witilly! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrius terms!" And further on, "yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body and still leaves it standing in its place."

STAFF

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L. COMTE, '28 - - - - - - Drama
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E. HINES, '29 - - - - - - - Sports
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NEWS

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DRAMA

"INTERFERENCE"

There is now playing at the Geary Theatre in San Francisco an interesting melodrama called "Interference." It is a play that has already been staged with considerable success in London and New York. The authors of this drama are Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden—two men who have attempted to secure success for themselves by collaborating and writing a single play which does not seem destined to go far beyond the mark of mediocrity.

"Interference" is a play that is decidedly English. To begin with, the action of the entire three acts of this melodrama is confined to London. The characters of the play are distinctly English, and act as such. What appears to be one of the most unlikeable elements in the play is the apparent disproportion of action. The first act is unforgiveably slow. Far too much time is taken up in introducing characters, explaining situations that are almost self-explanatory, and preparing to "tie the knot" in the plot. The result of this is that real interest is not awakened until the beginning of the second act, when both the dialogue and action of the play become much more enjoyable than they had previously been. The second act is crowded with intense situations and is quite cleverly performed. It, moreover, contains the climax of the play—depicting the poisoning to death of the chief "interferer," one Deborah Kane, around whom the plot centers. The third and concluding act, is less vivacious than the preceding act, but it contains those incidents necessary for the suitable solution of the matter at hand, and witnesses a final reckoning of misdeeds and a happy conclusion.

It is not necessary to go into a lengthy discussion over the plot of "Interference." Suffice to say, it is a "triangle affair," culminated by the murder of the woman who attempts to wreck the happiness of a happily united married couple. The whole scheme of the plot is very clever, and with the exception of the slowness of the first act, the play as a whole has the power to impress and sustain interest. When analyzed carefully, the structure of "Interference" shows many fine qualities. First of all, its dialogue exhibits craftsmanship and technique; it is neither offensive, nor extensively prolonged. There is present a quantity of action, which being brought out clearly by good acting, is a feature of the play that cannot go unnoticed. The general effect of the play could undoubtedly be much more impressive however, if the first act were made slightly more concise and consequently more vital.

A most noticeable feature of the play is a scene of pantomime which occurs at the close of the second act, and which lasts for about four or five minutes. It takes place when Sir John Marlay, M. D., finds Deborah Kane dead. Under the false impression that his wife was the murderer, he attempts to destroy the seemingly condemning evidence that would convict his loved one. The result is that the action of the play proceeds along for some time, without a bit of dialogue. This situation—which bears quite a strain upon the audience—is just a trifle bit over done. It does, nevertheless, produce the desired effect of fixing everyone's attention upon the stage and the actor, and is certainly interestingly accomplished. To the actor, Montague Shaw, who has to perform the difficult task of carrying on the theme of the play without the aid of dialogue, credit must be given. Had not this difficult bit of acting been well-performed, there would have been strongly evidenced a feeling of unrest and discomfort in the audience. When witnessing a moving-picture, one does not become restless because he does not hear the voices of the actors; nor does the individual become tired of simply watching pantomime. But when an individual goes to a play, and is made to watch a scene of pantomime for practically five minutes, there is much danger of the scene becoming a failure. The scene that has just been referred to is not a failure, but it does suffer because of the over-stressing of pantomime. It is actually a relief to hear the dialogue once again—which should not be the after-effect of a scene that is to be considered highly successful and enjoyable. The silence of the scene proved to be even more of a noticeable strain upon the audience than it was upon the actor. But it was commendable, because it was unusual and well-acted.

The performance of Pat Somerset as Philop Zoaze was very commendable. He proved to win much favor with the audience, despite the fact that the character portrayed by him was that of a cad and a murderer. Being very polished, slick, and suave, his acting had the power to demand attention and even sympathy from the assembled theatre-goers. Flora Bramley, as Barbara Marlay, displayed decided talent and acting ability in her role. Montague Shaw and Isabel Withers also did some very good acting. The rest of the company filled in nicely, but not without their insufficiencies. There was no particular "star" in "Interference." On the contrary, there appeared to be displayed a unified effort on the part of the members of the cast to make the play a success—not merely to gain individual merit for themselves. Though Sir John Marlay is really the hero of the play, the sympathy of the audience is aroused for Philip Zoaze, —not merely because of Mr. Somerset's acting, but also because of the very way in which the character of Zoaze is presented to us. If we like the character of Philop it is not because he is true to life, but rather because he is outstanding and decidedly an intriguing sort of individual.

—L. Comte, '28.

Guichard '08

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BOOKS

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE OF A TRAPPIST

The Trappist Monk, by H. J. McDermott
New Melleray Abbey, Peosta, Iowa

"A Trappist! Oh, yes! I know! They are the friars who scourge themselves, dig a portion of their grave each day, and go about in such unbroken silence that they forget how to talk." How often has such an opinion been expressed in conversation when the name of this religious order has been introduced by one of the conversants? And how often has this reply slipped by unchallenged, making at each repetition a stronger and more lasting impression on the apperceptive mass, till now it is practically established in the world of public opinion as a fact.

It is the existence of these erroneous ideas, so frequently expounded, and the lack of understanding of the aims of the order that has inspired the publication of "The Trappist Monk," by H. J. McDermott. In this neat, compact little volume the general reader acquires a broader understanding of the order and its origin, aim, utility and manner of life. This is accomplished through the relation of the historical facts leading to and involved in the formation of the Trappists, together with an exposition of the life of a monk, and a detailed description of "A Day With The Trappists At New Melleray Abbey."

As to their history, the Trappists, properly known as the "Reformed Cistercians of the Strict Observance," the heirs of their fathers who quitted Molesme to live more conformably to the Holy Rule of St. Benedict, are the spiritual children of St. Bernard, and are the progeny of the reforms of Abbot Rance and Dom Augustine de Lestrange. The latter two who did most of their work at the monastery of La Trappe in France, from which the order gets its name, have the most immediate connection with its inception.

The life of a Trappist, as explained by the book, is a busy one. The hours of the day are separated into three divisions, with appropriate tasks assigned at all times. Thus one-third of the day, which begins at two o'clock a. m., is spent in church occupied in the noblest manner possible to the human being, one-third is spent in works of penance and occupations, while the last third is given to satisfying the demands of nature in sleeping and eating.

Concerning the author's literary style, it may be stated that this volume does not stand out as a rhetorical archetype. It is not meant to be so. It is a simple story told in a simple manner.

As a last word, I would say, that while commending this book as a valuable source of information and interesting reading, it is also important for its inspirational worth. As a radiation of sober thoughts on life and human values it is worthy of more than ephemeral notice. Maybe it is just the tonic for you.

R. J. ARATA, '28.

LEANINGS

Commentators of contemporary literature seem generally agreed that there is a vast increase in book sales of recent years. The reasons given for this are many. Some have it that we moderns are on the whole better educated than those who have preceded us. Others are wont to maintain, not without forceful argument either, that people read nowadays because current fashion has decreed that a knowledge of the literature being produced is not only "correct," but also necessary for success. However, what appears to be the most plausible explanation is the one which maintains that present day advertising methods are so highly developed that the publishers actually create the market for their product. Not only that, but they dress a book up in such riotous color patterns that even if one is not interested in literature he succumbs to the temptation to buy because of his esthtetic appreciation. There is no doubt but what the publishers stress in their advertisements a large number of things which are really unimportant.

Judicious book buying calls for discrimination. The buyer should not allow himself to be misled by unimportant considerations. If he is truly interested in literature there are many ways of escaping even the most astute and cleverly conceived advertisements.

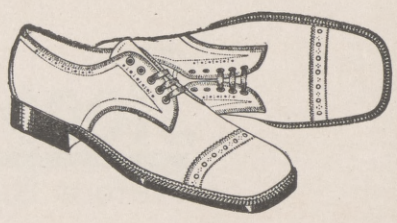
A book that can be recommended to those who like a good travel yarn easily told is "The Royal Road to Romance," by Richard Halliburton. The fastidious may claim that Halliburton winks often at truth in the book which perhaps is not far from error. In spite of the fact the author has an engaging style and has succeeded in getting over a travel story that is at once different and well handled. The feature which perhaps gives it the great claim to the popularity that it has achieved, is the informality of the book and the pleasing personality of the youthful author which is revealed in its pages.

The reliable Gilbert K. Chesterton has recently published a study of Robert Louis Stevenson. Much has been written of Stevenson, and most biographers have succeeded in placing his life in a maze that facts do not seem to merit. Other critics have maintained that certain circumstances surrounding Stevenson's life have made for an exaggeration of his ability. A tendency of modern literature which should be deprecated is the effort to link an author's life with his work. Literature should be appraised on its merits solely. We are not conversant with the facts in Stevenson's case, but inasmuch as there has been so much discussion of him it would be well for those of us interested to read Chesterton's study.

"The Delight of Great Books" is the latest work of John Erskine. It will be enlightening to discover just what Professor Erskine considers Great Books. Certainly not all of the classics, as he has sought to improve some of them himself. For instance, was he not restless with Homer's version of fair Helen to such an extent that he gave us his own?

Mayhap "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" is listed among the Great Books.

BIG CHIEF



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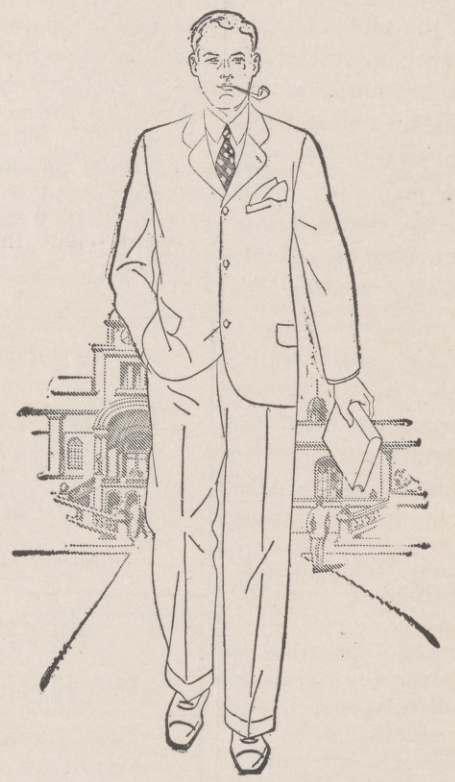

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GAEL NINE ON WAY TO TITLE

THIS WEEK'S SOUTHERN TOUR WILL TELL TALE

Since the last edition the Saint Mary's Varsity baseball team has established itself as the team to beat for the Intercollegiate Baseball Championship of the State. Starting slowly the Varsity dropped two out of three to Stanford, but they won two out of three games from the University of California and also triumphed over the University of Southern California, and Saturday defeated the University of California, Southern Branch, to put themselves at the top of the league by half a game.

The Gaels won the first two games of the series from the Bears with comparative ease. In the third game Illia was pitching great ball, and the Varsity had a 6 to 1 lead, when the eighth inning rolled around. Then it was just one of those things that happen every now and then in a baseball game. The Bears got the breaks and when the third man was out six runs had crossed the plate, and the Bears were leading, 7 to 6. The Saints could not overcome that one run lead and California was returned the winner.

The game with the University of Southern California was a very fine game. Hamilton twirled for the Varsity, and Schultz for the Southerners. The final score was 2 to 0 in favor of Saint Mary's. Hamilton pitched a three-hit game and the U. S. C. pitcher let the Varsity down with four measly bingles. In the game last Saturday with the Southern Branch of the University of California the Saints won just about as they pleased, the final score being 7 to 0. Tom Conlan did the pitching and let the Southerners down with five scattered hits. Bill, Dondero, and Rooney were the leading hitters. This victory put the Saints in first place once more.

Owing to a chipped elbow—the same one that was so injured during the grid season—Stanley Kasperowicz, Varsity catcher, is definitely out for the season. "Toots" had the hurt member operated on last Monday, and accompanied the team south, but will not play. "Butch" Simas will take his place.

Besides the intercollegiate games, the Varsity won two games from Saint Ignatius, both by large scores. Two weeks ago the team played the Sacramento club of the Pacific Coast League and dropped a close game to the Senators, the score being 2 to 0 favoring the

(Continued on page 8)

New Ford Lures Professor

The long hand of Henry Ford has reached forth and clutched at the purse-strings even of people around here. "Moon" Razzetto is sporting a new "Baby Lincoln." But the striking feature of the Ford question is that Professor Sorrell, one of the stellar lights of the Economics Department, has one already ordered. The Professor is very staunch in his arguments in protection of the merits in this latest contribution to the automobile market, giving as attestations to the fact that they must be good, that very authentic story of the man who passed the Cadillac in second, while driving a new Ford.

SENIORS HAVE GALA FEAST

"FATTED CALF" FURNISHED TO APPEASE APPETITES OF LAST YEAR MEN

On last Thursday the entire Senior Class embarked for Livermore for a day of festivities at Everett Nevin's ranch. Pete Stolich lead the caravan in his ever trusty Ford, with all the other high-powered cars trailing closely behind.

Due to a misunderstanding the School Bus could not be obtained to take the resident students up to the feed and which caused Mac the Trainer to lose out. Enough machines were obtained, however, and Mr. Madigan kindly consented to loan his car, but it was not needed.

The feature of the day was a wonderful barbecue and all that goes with it. This was prepared under the expert supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Nevin and Mr. Murray of Hollywood who had been roasting steers for several weeks before in preparation of this event. That the boys did justice to the feast is to be readily assumed as the only remnants left were the white bones bleaching in the sun.

Following the disappearance of the food, a baseball game was held, with Professors Silvermaster and Sorrell captaining the opposing nines. "Blind Tom" Bettencourt umpired the game, which was the direct reason why Pope Illia got a hit every time at bat, and why the final score was twenty-nine to twenty-eight in favor of the Silvermaster Goats. The game ended with the setting sun, which was the signal for the caravan of machines to wend their way homeward.

Simas To Earn Third Letter

"Butch" Simas bids fair to become a three-letter man. Simas has already secured sweaters in football and basketball, and is now on the baseball team. His position is catcher, and with Kasperowicz out for the balance of the season, he is almost a surety to put in the required time on the diamond. He will be the first three-letter man since "Ducky" Grant, who obtained the same number of awards in his first year also. That Simas is an all around athlete this undeniably proves.

Wesley Davis Suffers Illness

Wesley Davis, popular president of the Senior Class, has returned to his duties, after a recent illness. Due to an old injury, received while playing football in prep school, Davis had to undergo an operation. This took place at St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco, and was absolutely successful, to quote Mr. Davis. This had one unfortunate effect however, in that it made him lose time on his thesis, and he is at present pressing every minute available into service, to make it up.

"RED" STRADER HEALS HURT

"Red" Strader spent Easter Vacation under the care of a doctor. He was suffering from a broken jaw, received in his last professional football game, but which did not cause him pain until some time later.

JUNIOR PROM ON MAY 4TH

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE PROMISES A PERFECT EVENING FOR ALL THOSE ATTENDING

Final plans for the Junior Dance have been made. It is to be held definitely at the Alameda Hotel on Friday, May 4th. It is to be formal, as planned, and according to the rumors that are emanating from Junior headquarters, the favors for the Fair Ones are going to be something that will carry the prestige of this group still higher in the hearts of those who know their past efforts.

Mr. Jack Merrick is at the head of the Committee, with Mullany as his chief subordinate. The two have promised to make it even better and more of a success than their last dance in the Alumni Gymnasium, and all who attended that affair will be anxiously waiting to see what new ideas this pair of business men have in store.

The orchestra has not yet been appointed, there being a good many offers from high class groups about town, but as yet the committee has not had time to listen to them all to determine on the proper one. They promise the best, however, and there is no doubt that they will get it.

The committee has requested the support of every member of the school to assist them in making a success of this affair, and expect everyone to buy a ticket, which is two-fifty, and can be obtained from any member of the Junior Class.

Glee Club Aids Mills Opera

The Glee Club of the College took part in the production of the Japanese Opera, "Mikado," given by Mills College at their institution. The benefits of the opera were to help in furnishing the equipment of the new music club room at the girls' college. Those who know the Saint Mary's singers are sure that the audience was pleased with their efforts as the men who compose the group have been working hard for some time past.

Lou Kalich Leaves Hospital

Lou Kalich, third baseman for the Freshman baseball team, who suffered a fractured skull during the Cal series, is out of the hospital. He is still rather peaked from his injury, which kept him in the hospital for some time. Kalich will not return to school this year, but intends spending the rest of this semester and the vacation period recuperating, and coming back next year.

NEWSPAPER MAN TALKS TO ECONOMICS CLUB

On the evening of Wednesday, April 11, the members of the Economics Club of the College were entertained with a talk by Mr. C. E. Anderson, editorial writer for the Oakland Post-Enquirer. Mr. Anderson had for his topic "The Modern Novel," showing in his talk the influence that modern society has on literature. The subject was very well handled, and was very interesting, the speaker exhibiting a very intimate knowledge of what he discussed.

A. P. G. U. LECTURES MEET SUCCESS

BROTHER LEO TALKS TO CAPACITY HOUSES IN BOTH OAKLAND AN SAN FRANCISCO

The two lectures given by Brother Leo, one in Oakland and the other in San Francisco, proved to be very successful. The first lecture, entitled "The Wisdom of the Poets," dealt with this general field, and endeavored to create in the audience an appreciation of the wise men who put their thoughts into verse. The second lecture, "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks," delivered in San Francisco, was on the general field of modern literature and modern readers, principally the latter. The general tendencies of the day, expressed by the types of persons symbolized in the title, revealed themselves as containing a great deal of good, but also a great deal of chaff, and that there seems to be a growing away from the heritage of the past. The two were given in that inimitable style which is characteristic of Brother Leo, and was appreciated greatly by the audience.

The proceeds of the lectures will go to the Brother's Novitiate at Martinez where many small conveniences are needed to complete the buildings.

Senior Men Wind Up Theses

The worried look on the faces of some of the Senior men is not the result of family troubles or anything of that sort, but comes from the burden which their theses has placed on their shoulders. Some have already handed in their drafts and had them accepted, and are now getting their final copies ready. These are the sunny faced individuals. Those who wear a worried look, however, are those whose fates are still in the hands of their advisers, and they are still awaiting the acceptance of their drafts.

Scholastics To Form Club

Brother Cyprian, one of the scholastics, comes forth with the information that a new club is in the process of formation in the cottage across from the gym. It is composed only of the young Brothers, and they have chosen for their name the Delta Upsilon Ki. The "Ducks" promise to show some real action just as soon as they can get a Constitution drawn up, and officers elected. Brother Cyprian is at present the President-elect of the Club.

Rival Nines To Meet

The possibility of a baseball game between the resident students of the College, and the commuters, which was announced in the last issue of The Collegian, has assumer realistic hues. Plans for the game are on. Though the date and the lineups are not arranged as yet, they will soon be forthcoming. This will be the second diamond contest of its kind, one being held last year, which game was won by the resident students by a score of 7 to 6.

GRADUATING CLASS HOLDS RETREAT

GATHER AT ST. FRANCIS RETREAT HOUSE IN S. F.

It is the custom for the men of the Senior Class to go in a body to one of the retreat houses in the Bay District before their graduation. This year the tradition is to be continued, the place selected being the Franciscan Retreat House in San Francisco.

The large number of men who signed up made it necessary to split the class into two groups. It had originally been planned to have the Seniors go on the last three days of April, from the 27th to the 29th, but as all reservations for this date were filled up immediately after the announcement, those who failed to secure this period went on the week of April 13th.

The Franciscan Retreat House is ideally situated on the beach by the ocean at San Francisco, the speakers are men of reputation, and the whole tone is one that is ideal for the purpose of rest and spiritual relaxation. The members of this year's graduating class who have already made the retreat are very enthusiastic about it, and it is expected that the rest of the Seniors will be no wit less volatile when then have completed the period.

Saints Lead College League

The Saint Mary's ball club now leads the California Intercollegiate League with five wins and three defeats, with California and U. S. C. closely following, the former with six wins and four losses, and the latter with four victories and three losses. The rest of the teams are well out of the race. Saint Mary's takes its southern tour this week, and a majority of wins will just about cinch the title for them. Following are the standings of the nines:

Teams	Won	Lost	Pct.
Saint Mary's	5	3	.625
California	6	4	.600
U. S. C.	4	3	.572
Stanford	4	6	.400
U. C. L. A.	1	4	.200

A. P. G. U. TO PERFORM IN SACRAMENTO

Albert Westlake, '25, who is in business in Sacramento, is still very much interested in the College. He is making plans for a road show to be staged by the members of the A. P| G. U. in Sacramento, on May 2.

"COWBOY" SMITH WITH HOLLYWOOD

Boyd "Cowboy" Smith, ex-'29, who was the sensation of the gridiron two years ago, is playing with the Hollywood Ball Club. He is not a regular, but his appearance on the bench is an indication that the club wishes to hold him for future use.

Frosh Defeat Modesto High

In a hotly contested game last Friday the Frosh baseball nine defeated Modesto High on the Gael diamond by a score of 6 to 5. The Saint Babes won out in the final inning with a three run rally. Waite started the game for the Frosh but was met with rather a hot reception and retired in favor of Matson, who suffered the same fate a short time later. Ebding finished up the game for "Red" Strader's outfit, and got credit for the win.

Boarders Go a'Skating

Idora Park has opened a new avenue for sport among the resident students. They are now crowding the Skating Rink at the amusement park, and searching for Upsidonia. Mac Goodrow has charge of the skaters, with Pete Matson their business manager—the latter arranging rates for them. It is rumored that Professor Fuery is going to be requested to train the Band to play the "Skaters' Waltz," so the musicians can be used for inspiration to such men as Fugazi, who has extreme difficulty in keeping his feet.

"CAL" FIGHTS CALLED OFF

SAINT BATTLERS' LACK OF CONDITION HALTS BOUTS

The rumors that arose about the boxing team meeting the fighters of California have subsided. Arrangements had been made but were called off as the boxers of this college did not have time to get into condition.

"Slip" Madigan, who had intended to coach the embryonic Tunneys, expresses his regret that the event could not take place, but promises to put a team in the ring next year. The difficulty was that the call for men was issued somewhat too late in the season, and before the fighters could get into condition to withstand the requirements of the ring, the matches would be over. However, judging from the quality of the material that signed up for the present year, it will be no hard task to put out a representative aggregation in the next tournament. So far all this material has been going to waste, the number of good fighters who have not been able to show their merits would do credit to anyone's stable, but with the initiation of the move, it will be sure to go over next time.

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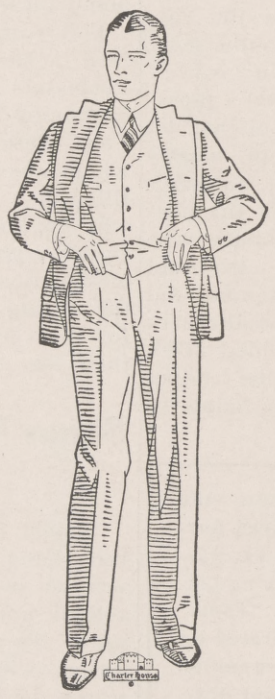

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SOPHS LAY "ANNUAL" PLANS

ARE DETERMINED TO GET AN EARLY START FOR A BIGGER AND BETTER BOOK

The Sophomore Class has gotten off to a flying start in the matter of next year's Annual. They have outlined plans for the work which they are to take over next year, even though the present year book is not yet out. The purpose of this early start is to give the men who will edit the book next year a chance to see how the present book is produced, and enable them to work on their plans during the summer vacation.

The men selected have demonstrated their ability in a literary and business way in the various activities of the class so far. They are Smiddy, Dobbins and Johnson as editors, and Charles Shields as Business Manager. Knowing the ability of these men it is expected that next year's Annual will carry on the traditions as well as the present group.

ANDREW B. HOUSE, '27

"Andy" House, '27, performed on the mound for the Seattle Ball Team in its opening game against the Seals. The owners of the club are enthusiastic in their praises of "Andy's" ability as a pitcher.

FRANCOIS BIANE, Ex-'28

Francois "Pomp" Biane, ex-member of the Senior class, paid a visit to the College last week. "Pomp" left school at the beginning of the Junior year, and since then has settled down to carry the responsibilities of supporting a family.

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Senior Formal On May 11th

Definite plans have been made for the Annual Senior formal, by members of that Class. It is to be held on the evening of May 11th, the Friday preceding the Commencement, at the Terrace Ballroom of the Hotel Fairmont in San Francisco. Three bids will be given to each member of the class, providing he pays his assessment, theirs to give to whom they wish. These are only the bare outlines of the plans, but in a few weeks time, the other incidentals, such as the orchestra, et cetera, will be decided upon and announced.

Sophs Outing at Boyes Springs

The Seniors are not the only ones to feel the call of the open air and the beckoning urge of spring blossoms, as the Sophomores, in a meeting held recently, have planned an outing to Boyes Springs. It is scheduled for the latter part of this month, the all important problem of food being settled by their going to eat at the new "Boyes Springs Hotel." Among other entertainments is that of swimming at Caliente, golfing at Sonoma, and what have you, anywhere. The chairman of the committee in charge is James Lang.

THOMAS HORAN, '13

Thomas J. Horan, '13, of Vallejo, when informed that Brother Agnon was confined at the hospital immediately phoned to the hospital to verify the statement. He was much perplexed when the head nurse informed him that a man answering to the name of Brother Agnon, aged twenty-seven, was the only person in the hospital answering his description.

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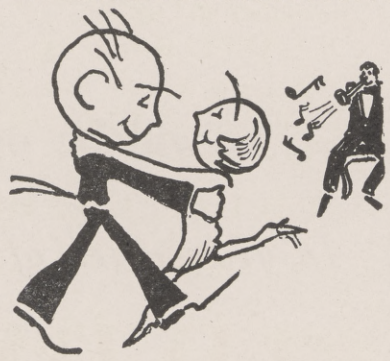
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Dance at
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Your friends dance here
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Frosh Racqueters Beat Concord

The Frosh tennis team went to Concord recently and played both Diablo and Richmond High schools. The quality of the players was outstanding, as they did not lose a match. Lopez starred, losing only four games in four sets, while Woelz, who competed against both prep schools before coming to College, showed up very well in the doubles. Higgins also exhibited a trusty return in the games in which he played. Several more games are being planned, but at present they are tentative and will be announced definitely in the near future.

JOHN O'KANE WINS HONORS

John O'Kane, ex-'28, who left College at the beginning of this year to study law at St. Ignatius, was recently awarded first prize in the annual oratorical contest at that institution.

SAINT TOSSERS DEFEAT PITT Y. M. I.

END GALA DAY WITH 6 TO 5 WIN

On last Sunday the Saint Mary's nine traveled up to Pittsburg to take on the Pittsburg Y. M. I. in a contest previously scheduled, but prevented by unfavorable weather. This was a benefit game for the welfare of the Church at Pittsburg. Fully fifteen hundred fans watched the teams play—quite a sizable crowd. The Saints were victorious in the end, winning out by a score of 6 to 5. Pope Illia did the chucking for the Gaels, and got by very well. Bill and Seghetti were the batting stars, the former collecting a home run, and the latter getting two bingles for three trips to the plate. Lawrence Bettencourt, Saint Mary's All-American grid star, and third baseman for the team, was presented with a hand bag by his admirers.

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VARSITY BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 5)

Coast Leaguers. Last Thursday the Varsity trimmed a team from one of the battleships. The score was 5 to 3 in favor of the Saints.

Two new men have established themselves as regulars on the club. Tom Conlan got his first chance to pitch against Saint Ignatius, and he came through in great style. He showed his ability again Saturday against the Southern Branch nine. The addition of another reliable twirler means a whole lot to the Varsity because the season is rapidly drawing to a close, and as the race is close the boys will have to play high class ball from now on to win. Butch Simas is now doing the catching due to the fact that Kasperowicz hurt his arm, an injury that is going to keep him out the remainder of the season. Simas caught a nice game against California, and he was the hitting star of the game against the sailors the other day. The other members of the team are all playing nice ball and hitting consistently. Pope Illia and Hamilton have twirled some very fine games, and if they keep up the good work in the next four games, Saint Mary's will add another baseball championship to its long list.

This week the team travels to the South where they will play the University of California Southern Branch two games, and also play the University of Southern California two contests. These games will decide the championship of the league and the Saints will have to display their best brand of ball to win. The University of Southern California nine coached by Sam Crawford always turns out a high class team, and a team that is very hard to beat, especially on their home grounds. With Illia, Hamilton, and Conlan on the firing line, the Trojans will have to look over some fancy twirling before they collect any base-hits, and furthermore the defensive power of the Varsity makes it doubly hard to make runs.

Well, here's hoping for four consecutive victories and the addition of another intercollegiate baseball championship for the "Old Brickpile." It would indeed be a very fine thing to win once more because the days of the old building are numbered, the old building that has watched so many diamond stars come and go. Nothing could be more appropriate.

GEORGE PALMER IN HAWAII

George Palmer, '26, who is in the employ of the Pacific Telephone Co. in Hawaii is reported to be doing very well. George was prominent while at College in his work on the Collegian, and in organizing the Commerce Club; he is also one of the few graduates to be granted an honor degree.

Students See Bible Slides

Fulfilling his promise to the Bible students, Brother Henry on Tuesday of last week exhibited his heralded slides portraying the important incidents in the Old Testament. They were quite a success, and the students seemed well pleased. Brother Henry promises, after enough of the New Testament is covered, probably about the end of April, more slides will be shown.

YOUNG BROTHERS MAKE TRIP TO SANTA CRUZ

The young Brothers of the College went for a three-day trip to Santa Cruz, visiting Brother Edwin's mother at this resort, during the Easter vacation. While there swimming, hiking and fishing was the order of the day, and they all returned sunburned and happy to renew their scholastic activities on the night of Tuesday, April 9.

Arnold Bond of the Sophomore Class looked after the transportation, carrying the young Brothers back and forth.

FOURTH YEAR MEN HOLD MEETING

To close up the lose ends of their business, the Seniors met on the Friday preceding Easter vacation. The matter of invitations for the Graduation Exercises was threshed out, the number to attend the retreat in San Francisco, and the concluding business of the Formal. Altogether a great deal was accomplished, the meeting being the most satisfactory of the yera and the committees appointed on the various activities expressing themselves satisfied with the co-operation they have received.

HUMOR

There was a young lady from Mecca,
Who was said to be a good Necca,
Some boys tried her out,
All they got was a clout,
She sure was no lady, by Hecca.
—Reserve Red Cat.

—o—

"Do you see this diamond ring? Well, it belonged to a millionaire."

"Why, Who?"

"Mr. Woolworth."

—o—

"An' he says to me, 'Say, Bud, wot college did ya come from?' And I looks kinda sneery like an' I says, 'Say, guy, do I look like a reg'lar bum?'" —Desert Wolf.

—o—

"What is the greatest water power known to man?"

"Woman's tears." —Tawney Kat.

—o—

First Reviewer—Read any books lately?

Second Reviewer—No, but I've written reports on a couple that would be interesting if I had time to read them.
—Wisconsin Octopus.

—o—

A playful fly in the bloom of youth,
Flew into Elizabeth's half open mouth;
She shut her mouth and held her breath,
And strangled that poor little fly to death. —Annapolis Log.

—o—

The sweet young thing was saying her prayers: "Dear Lord," she cooed, "I don't ask for anything for myself, only give Mother a son-in-law."
—Bison.

"Did you meet a lot of artistic people at the studio?"

"Most of them were artistic, but a few of them were quite nice."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

—o—

"Did you hear about the Scotchman who went to have a profile picture taken?"

"No."

"He only had one side of his suit pressed."

—o—

Judge (to college student, accused of murder): Why did you murder this girl?

Stude: We had a date for a big party and I wanted to send her an appropriate corsage, so I asked her what color dress she was going to wear—

Judge: Yes.

Stude: And she said, "Orchid-colored—"

Judge: Acquitted.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Q.—What did Dewey say when the commander of the Spanish fleet asked what he wanted?

A.—"Make mine Manila!"

—o—

DOINGS OF A DYSPEPTIC STUDENT

Didst slowly wander to schoole, afflicted with the usuale springe fever. Didst partly awaken, however, when milord Jack Merrick did attempt to sell me a bid to Ye Junior Prom. Loudly did he extol the favors to be given the ladyes, which did spoil the sale, making me mighty wroth. The men buye the bids, so the favors should be theirs. Then up to class, where "Bigge Boye" Keller did stand up and question as to the number of commencement invitations each man wanted. When one did say seventy-five I left, throwing my hands up in disgust, thinking all the while that it is fortunate that the Fleet will not be on that day or he would want so many thousandes. After which I goeth to Sir Claude Silva's class and talketh entertainingly on equal rights for women, sayeth among other things that they should have them. When I completed my discourse, Sir Claude did giveth me a four, and murmur with something that soundeth like Billings gate, that women do not need equal rights, they have more than equal share already. After which we discusseth the subject generally, but no one winneth the argument except Sir Claude who holdeth the power of the greater or less.

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